A true

DESCRIPTION

OF THE PASSION OF OVR SAVIOVR IESVS CHRIST:

As it was acted by the bloodie Iewes: And registred by the blessed *Euangelists.*

In English Meetre by IOHN BVLLOKAR, *Calend. Nouemb.* 1618.



LONDON,
Printed by *George Purslowe*, for *Samuel* Rand, *and are to be sold at his shop neere* Holburne Bridge. 1622.

A true DESCRIPTION of our *Sauiours* PASSION.

1

WRapt in our sinfull flesh, yet free from sinne,
The louing-world-Redeemer lõg had sought,
Vnto himselfe the stubborne Iewes to winne,
With mighty signes & wonders daily wrought:
But wished fruit his zeale could neuer gaine:
He plowd the sands, and reapt but losse of paine.

2

And when he had full thirty three yeeres space,
For men, and with men dwelt on earth below,
Lending rich treasures of his heauenly grace,
To pay those countlesse debts that Sinne did owe.
The time was come, that should our God restore
To heauen aboue, from whence he came before.

3

Whose passage must by Death prepared be,
(As erst the holy Prophets had foretold)
That so his death from death might set vs free,
Whom sinne from life, as slaues to death had sold.
So deadly was the diuellish Serpents sting,
That nought but Gods death, life to man could bring.

Which to aſſure vs, ere he parted hence,
He leaues behind for our immortall good,
A full releaſe of *Adams* firſt offence,
Sealing the Charter with his deareſt blood:
That man might ſee his loue, and learne thereby,
To loath the ſinne that made a God to die.

5

Yet neuer could the powerfull ſtroke of death,
Nor Fate, nor Chance, nor Satans ſecret blow,
Nor humane force enforce him yeeld his breath,
Vntill his Will gaue leaue it ſhould be ſo:
The Iewes might rage, yet heauen had fore decreed,
He choſe to die, though they did act the deed.

6

But leſt the ſudden ſtorme, if vnforetold,
Should drowne the ſeeds of Faith ſo lately ſowne,
Or make new kindled loue of him grow cold,
In weak conceits not to perfection growne:
He ſhewes them euery thing muſt come to paſſe,
That of him in the Scripture written was.

7

And knowing that the houre approched now,
To his ſmall number of Diſciples, he
Plainely foretels his death, and manner how:
Withall, the time when as his death ſhould be,
To ſtrength their doubtfull thoughts, & make thē know,
He could foreſee, though would not ſhun the blow.

Two

Two dayes there are (saith he) and then the Feast
Of Easter comes, when *Moses* did command,
In memory that Israel was releast
From hard oppression of proud Egypt land,
The Paschall lambe should yeerely eaten be,
Of all their seed, whom God had to set free.

9

But now the old Lawes end approcheth nie,
These shadowing Figures shortly must away:
The Sonne of man shall be betraid to die,
And on the Crosse the worlds great ransome pay,
To free it from infernall *Charons* power,
Whose tyrant rage would life and soule deuoure.

10

Thus hauing warn'd, whilst at Bethania he,
Receiu'd in *Simons* house, doth there remaine,
A woman by him late from sinne set free,
Doth come her louing Lord to entertaine;
Bringing a boxe of Alabaster faire,
Fill'd with an oyntment, costly, sweet, and rare.

11

O Loue! sole life of Peace, and death of Strife:
Strong knot to tye: sweet vnion of consent:
Thoughts purity: faire Mappe of Angels life:
Heauens new-made Liuery: Nurce of all content:
How true it is the world of thee doth say?
That whoso loues, can brooke no long delay.

The curious Boxe she breaks, and quickly powres
This precious liquor on her Sauiours head,
Whose sweet distilling drops full mainly showres
Adowne his necke, and on his garments shed,
Refining all the ayre neere which they fell,
With fragrant odour of their pleasing smell.

13

But enuious Malice soone occasion finds,
This womans godly meaning to reprone:
Some standers by do murmure in their minds,
As discontent to see such zealous loue.
His owne Disciples too that sate at bord,
Do grudge such cost bestowd vpon their Lord.

14

Why need this needlesse waste be made (say they)
Of what was worth three hundred pence at least?
It better had bin sold, and giuen away
To poore for almes, against this holy Feast:
'Tis pitie such sweet oyle so dearely bought.
With idle vaine expence should come to nought.

15

Thus they: But Christ that sought to saue his foes,
Forgets not now to helpe a friend at need:
He soone perceiues the grudging thoughts of those,
That were mislikers of this womans deed,
And mildly doth rebuke them for their sinne,
With praise of her that did the worke begin.

O why

16

O why should you, whom I haue chose for mine,
Against your louing Lord offended be?
Why should your murmuring hearts with spite repine
At her, whose faith wrought this good worke on me?
Take heed, this lesson first was learnt at Hell,
To grudge at grace, and enuie doing well.

17

The poore may be relieued when you will,
No want of them the earth doth euer find:
But me you shall not haue amongst you still:
The work's now done that heauen had erst assign'd,
And she that knew I shortly hence must go,
Against my buriall did this cost bestow.

18

Of truth therefore I say, in each place where
The worlds Redemption shalbe preacht or taught,
This womans zeale shall be related there,
In memory of what she now hath wrought.
Great loue shall surely reape a great reward:
Heauen do's the hart, not outward shews regard.

19

By this, the Priests and Scribes, whose hearts were set
Afire with burning spite, and deadly hate,
At *Caiphas* palace are together met,
In councell closely to deliberate,
How they might Iesus take by subtill traine,
And with some shew of Iustice haue him slaine.

Yet

20

Yet muſt we not (ſay they) in any wiſe,
At this great Feaſt, in ſuch a courſe proceed,
Leſt the rude people ſhould againſt vs riſe,
Or ſtir rebellion to withſtand the deed:
His words, his workes, and doctrine haue bin ſuch,
That him as now we cannot ſafely touch.

21

But Sathan fearing, leſt by this delay,
His long-deſired worke ſhould reſt vnwrought,
Preſents them with an vnexpected way,
Wherby their miſchiefe might to paſſe be brought,
Iudas one of the Twelue, whom Chriſt had choſe,
(Vnhappy wretch) to this aſſembly goes.

22

There doth the Traitour ſet his Lord to ſale,
Mongſt thoſe he knew long ſought to ſucke his blood:
Whoſe precious worth this caitiffe counts ſo ſmall,
He bids them make the price as they thought good:
What will you giue me, (thus doth *Iudas* ſay)
And I into your hands will him betray?

23

O bleſſed Lady! hadſt thou preſent beene,
When thus thy Sonne by theeuiſh hands was ſold
To bloody Merchants, it had ſoone beene ſeene,
How deare true owners wel-got pearles do hold:
Thy tender loue had pitcht the price ſo hie,
That Iewiſh wealth one haire ſhould neuer buy.

24

But thou true picture of pure piety,
Reſignſt to heauens decree thy proper right,
Suffering a damned wretch contemptuouſly,
To make a market of thy dearſt delight:
Then hie thee, hie thee, ſince the caſe ſo ſtands,
Come buy thine own frō theſe Prieſts murthring hands.

25

And *Iudas*, O if greedy hope of gaine
Entice thee thus thy Sauiour to forgo,
Why doſt thou ſhew thy ſelfe ſo fondly vaine,
As offer him to thoſe that hate him ſo?
His friends (I wis) would giue more mony for him,
Then ſcornfull foes, whoſe pride and ſpite abhor him.

26

O what would *Lazarus*, new brought to liue
From graue, haue payd to keep his Lord from death?
What price would *Magdalen* refuſe to giue,
That lou'd her Maſter dearer then her breath?
Or *Martha*, and his Virgin-mother too,
That lou'd him more then all the world can do.

27

Yea leaue the earth, and aske of Angels bright,
What they would giue thee for their King diuine?
(Doubtleſſe to get him home) their chiefe delight,
They would exchange their heauenly ſtate for thine:
O hadſt thou thus made ſale of Chriſt before,
Thy guilt had beene the leſſe, and gaine the more.

But

But Sin with self conceit it selfe still blinds,
Daring, without respect of what it may:
Witnesse false *Iudas*, who with desperate mind,
Tels proudly to the Priests, he will betray:
As if the Maker of heauen, earth, and seas,
Were in his power to vse him as he please.

29

They glad with others blame t'effect the deed,
Whereto their proper malice would aspire,
Resolue to prosecute it now with speed,
And thirty pence appoint him for his hire.
He straight accepts the wages they assign'd:
Slight gaine soone sets to worke a willing mind.

30

Ah *Iudas*, liuke of sinne, and earthly shame,
First luckelesse lambe that straid from Christs deare fold,
Monster of mankind, vile reproach of fame,
Sequestred from all grace, most impious bold:
Blind reprobate (alas) what hast thou done,
To buy hel fire with sale of Gods deere Sonne?

31

O did thy wretched eyes so grieue to see,
Three hundred peniworth of oyle bestowd,
Whose costly value should aduantag'd thee,
If thy false hand had sold the same abroad:
That now to make amends for such shrewd losse,
Thou must betray thy Sauiour to the Crosse.

Did

Did this bad crop spring vp from heauenly seed?
Did Christs example such vile thrift maintaine?
Ah no, he taught thee by his Word and Deed,
T'abhorre the cruddie mind of worldly gaine,
T'embrace pure thoughts, whose safety feares no fall,
To hurt no man, and to do good to all.

33

But thou (vnchang'd) a graceleſſe Impe of hell,
With *Iacobs* ſpiteſull ſonnes, in ſin art growne;
Whoſe malice did their brother *Ioſeph* ſell
For twenty pence, to Merchant-men vnknowne:
Yet *Ioſeph* was preferd to honour hie,
And call'd the Sauiour of the world thereby.

34

So Chriſt thy Lord, by thee ſold to be ſlaine,
Though death and hell ſtriue both to preſſe him downe,
Shall Phœnix-like with glory riſe againe,
And win by death an euerlaſting Crowne:
That in his Name, eterniz'd without end,
All knees in heauen, in earth, in hell may bend.

35

The Feaſt of ſweet bread now was hard at hand,
And ſpotleſſe paſcall lambes were markt to die:
When Chriſts Diſciples came to vnderſtand
Their Maſters will in this Solemnitie:
Where wilt thou (ſay they) we prepare for thee
The Paſſeouer, that now muſt eaten be?

Straight

96

Straight bleſſed *Peter* readieſt to obay,
And *Iohn*, whom Ieſus alwaies held moſt deare,
Are called for, and ſent without delay,
To make prouiſion for this heauenly cheare:
Receiuing by their Lords directing care,
A ſigne that ſhewd them where they ſhould prepare.

97

You two (ſaith Chriſt) ſhall now this taske begin
At yonder towne, where you ſhall ſurely meet
A man, aſſoone as you are entred in,
Bearing a pot of water through the ſtreet;
Him follow, whereſoeuer he doth go,
What houſe he enters, enter you alſo.

98

Aske of the owner for ſome place, where I,
With my Diſciples, may this Supper eate;
And he (I know) will ſhew you by and by,
A parler roome, well paued, faire and great,
Which will be fit: make ready there for me,
For there ſhall this laſt Supper eaten be.

99

O happy Feaſt held by a heauenly King,
Where bread of life with bounty was beſtowd:
No more a Type, but now a figured thing,
True Rocke, whence pure ſin-cleanſing waters flowd:
Sweet antidote, whoſe vertue ſets man free,
From deadly ſurfet of forbidden tree.

Wher

40

When thou wert made, each ceremonious Rite,
That had prefigur'd better things to come,
By Gods appointment was aboliſht quite;
New Sacraments ſucceeding in their roome:
Whoſe worth in Chriſt who worthily embrace,
Adopted are new heires of heauenly grace.

41

Cleare light was then in place of ſhadowes brought:
Figures for better Truth exchang'd away:
The ioyfull Goſpel for the Law was taught;
And Mercy crownd, where Iuſtice earſt bare ſway:
New Life was borne, and Death began to die,
In this great Suppers heauenly myſterie.

42

Here did the King of Glory thinke no ſcorne,
(Leaning behind a patterne for vs meet)
With girded loynes addreſt in ſeruile forme,
To ſtoope and waſh his owne Diſciples feet:
That thoſe which after ſhould the Goſpel preach,
Might by himſelfe be cleans'd, ere they did teach.

43

But this is not yet all that then was done:
For the new-eſpouſed Church redeemd ſo deere,
The precious Body of Gods only Sonne,
Was inſtituted to be eaten heere:
That bleſſed Body borne for ſinners good,
True Manna, farre exceeding Angels food.

Such

Such wisedome did th'Almighty workman show,
In altering shadowes into substance true:
Such humble seruice did a God bestow,
Pure humbled thoughts in proud man to renue:
Such precious cates were by our dying Lord,
Bequeath'd for euer to this heauenly boord.

45

The bright Sunne now with Westerne clouds was hid:
Dim darknesse on the erth began to grow,
Nor day, nor night it was, when Iesus did
With his Disciples to this Supper go.
And as they ate, he spake: Of truth I say,
That one amongst you here shall me betray.

46

They straight with dead pale lookes bewray their feare,
And gaze together, doubtfull to suspect:
As mazed persons wonted are, that heare
A sudden presage of some dire effect:
And willing there their innocence to trie,
Each after other said: Lord, is it I?

47

Iudas that felt himselfe neere toucht herein,
Wondring to heare his guilt so soone made knowne,
And fearing, silence might disclose the sinne:
(For Craft and Treason still are linkt in one)
Askt last of all, fayning himselfe dismaid,
Lord, is it I? Christ answered, Thou hast said.

48

But wo be vnto him that makes this match;
Selling the Sonne of man to sinners spite:
Farre better had it bin for that vile wretch,
If he, vnborne, had neuer seene the light.
Often times happy life, that liueth well!
But curst is he that liues, to liue in hell.

49

These threats in *Iudas* could breed no remorce,
That blacke detested action to abiure.
Obdurat harts, though warn'd, yet stil wax worse:
Like rotten vlcers mastring Physickes cure.
So hard it is, except Gods grace be strong,
To saue that soule where sin hath harbord long.

50

Peter, whose daunted thoughts could take no rest,
Vntill the author of this ill were knowne,
Makes signes to *Iohn*, who lean'd on Iesus brest,
To aske his name, whose sin should cause their mone:
Resoluing boldly, if in him it lay,
To kill the wretch did plot his Lords decay.

51

But *Peters* purpose could not come to passe:
The hatefull traitor closely sits conceal'd:
In secret *Iohn* demandeth who it was,
And Christ in secret thus to him reueal'd:
Who next receiues a dipped sop of me,
Shall do the deed, the rest hereof are free.

O *Iohn*, dearst darling of thy dying Lord!
Earths flower, heauens starre, pure virgin, foe to lust:
What pen can worthily thy praise record,
Or blaze thy blessed name with titles iust,
That foundst such grace to aske and vnderstand,
When none of all thy fellowes durst demand?

53

Soone after in the dish Christ dips a sop,
And gaue it mildly to his murthering foe;
Who vnrelenting takes and eates it vp:
But straight the diuell entred in him tho;
Vrging his traiterous heart still more and more,
To execute what he had vowd before.

54

That which thou dost (saith Christ) with speed fulfill:
Not animating him to do the deed:
But shewing by these words, the great good will
He had, that mans saluation should proceed:
For which absented from his Fathers sight,
His loue thinkes long till it be finisht quite.

55

Whereto these words were spoke, none then did know,
Onely (perhaps) false *Iudas* vnderstood:
They thought Christ bade him buy, and to bestow
Some thing in almes, to do poore people good,
Or for the Feast prouide: thus Error too
Helpes forward what this Traitor meanes to do.

56

But see how apt mans frailty is to sinne,
When humbled thoughts with pride are ouerthrowne?
These late-amaz'd Disciples now begin,
(Forgetting quite Christs last example shownе)
To reason hard in words, and disagree,
Who should among themselues the greatest be.

57

Ah fondlings! is your Master cumbred now
With humane error of his dying day?
Hath one amongst your selues conspired how,
By trecherie, to take his life away?
And can you, warnd hereof, mis-spend your time,
In idle folly of ambitious crime?

58

O plucke vp sinne whilst yet the root is young:
Surcease this variance, breeding but offence:
Weepe your owne losse, waile your Redeemers wrong,
And wish to die with him in innocence:
Rather then striue to be exalted hier,
As pamperd worldlings, in their pride, desire.

59

But Christ orecome with that exceeding loue,
Which from the world had chose them for his owne,
Surpreſt with griefe, forbearing to reproue
This folly, and defect of duty shownе:
Yet to make knowne their faults, and strife appease,
He gently warnes them in like words to these:

60

Supremacie and honour is embrac't
Of profane Potentates, and earthly kings;
Not worthy thoſe deſires whoſe thoughts are plac't
On better loue of God, and heauenly things:
For ſuch, though greateſt, muſt inferiour be
And miniſter to thoſe of low degree.

61

The maſter who doth ſit at meat alone
Exceeds the ſeruant that attends his
Yet you to me this duty haue not ſh
For I do miniſter among you ſtill:
And by humility example giue,
How ſuch as are my followers oug

62

But you for my ſake haue abandon'd
The late-lou'd world, renounc't your ſelu
And in my greatſt temptations alwayes been
Abiding with me ſince I did you call:
And therefore I appointed haue for ye,
As God my Father doth appoint for me:

63

I meane a Kingdome, not of earthly bliſſe,
Such as mortality aſpires to get:
But one in heauen that perpetuall is;
Where, at my table you ſhall drinke and eate:
Where you ſhall ſit on ſeates, as is decreed,
Iudging the twelue great Tribes of Iſraels ſeed.

So

So spake our Lord, when from the table rose
Iudas, full fraught with hel-nurs't desperate sinne,
And hastily out of the house he goes,
Leauing his Master and the rest within,
...e type of heauenly blisse at latter day,
... no bad bides, nor good doth go away.

...h Christ in sweetest speech commend
... mutuall concord to the rest,
... that he would from heauen send
... forter to make them blest:
...ience should abide for euermore,
... them all the truth they heard before.

... likewise he doth among them leaue,
...ing perfect vnity in one,
... growing: branches from the Vine receiue
Their fruit, and beare not of themselues alone.
Forewarning too, that troubles, hate, and spite,
Should shortly for his Name vpon them light.

Which to indure, without grudge or despaire,
He cheares them vp by his examples still:
Concluding lastly with a feruent prayer,
That God would blesse and keepe them from all ill.
As that together they in one might grow,
As he himselfe was with the Father, so.

60

Supremacie and honour is embrac't
Of profane Potentates, and earthly kings;
Not worthy those desires whose thoughts are plac't
On better loue of God, and heauenly things:
For such, though greatest, must inferiour be,
And minister to those of low degree.

61

The master who doth sit at meat alone,
Exceeds the seruant that attends his will:
Yet you to me this duty haue not showne,
For I do minister among you still:
And by humility example giue,
How such as are my followers ought to liue.

62

But you for my sake haue abandon'd cleane
The late-lou'd world, renounc't your selues and all,
And in my greatst temptations alwayes been,
Abiding with me since I did you call:
And therefore I appointed haue for ye,
As God my Father doth appoint for me:

63

I meane a Kingdome, not of earthly blisse,
Such as mortality aspires to get:
But one in heauen that perpetuall is;
Where, at my table you shall drinke and eate:
Where you shall sit on seates, as is decreed,
Iudging the twelue great Tribes of Israels seed.

So

So spake our Lord, when from the table rose
Iudas, full fraught with hel-nurs't desperate sinne,
And hastily out of the house he goes,
Leauing his Master and the rest within,
True type of heauenly blisse at latter day,
When no bad bides, nor good doth go away.

And now doth Christ in sweetest speech commend
His loue, and mutuall concord to the rest,
With promise, that he would from heauen send
Another Comforter to make them blest:
Whose presence should abide for euermore,
And teach them all the truth they heard before.

His peace likewise he doth among them leaue,
Exhorting perfect vnity in one,
A growing: branches from the Vine receiue
Their fruit, and beare not of themselues alone.
Forewarning too, that troubles, hate, and spite,
Should shortly for his Name vpon them light.

Which to indure, without grudge or despaire,
He cheates them vp by his examples still:
Concluding lastly with a feruent prayer,
That God would blesse and keepe them from all ill.
As that together they in one might grow,
As he himselfe was with the Father, so.

68

The night is now farre spent, the Supper done;
The Grace is said, the Table tooke away:
The Ghests are risen, and the worke begun,
For which the Sonne of God on earth did stay:
Judas is comming with a kisse to greet him,
And with the Eleuen, Christ goes forth to meet him.

69

A place there is, where (raisd from lower ground)
A goodly fruitfull Mountaine threats the skie;
Whose top with Oliue branches shadowed round,
Forbids the heat of heauens bright burning Eye,
And ouerlookes a garden faire and sweet,
Close situated to *Gethsemas* street.

70

Hither, as was his often former guise,
When he in priuate for his Church would pray,
Or did his owne Disciples catechise,
This last night our Redeemer tooke his way:
That so he in a Garden might restore,
What *Adam* in a Garden lost before.

71

And by the way thus warnes: All you this night
Shall run in scandall great because of me:
For it is written, I will surely smite
The Shepheard, and his sheepe shall scattered be:
But when I risen am from Death below,
To Galilee before you will I go.

Ah

72

Ah poore Diſciples, weake and miſerable,
Now is at hand the comfort-killing houre;
The houre of feare and darkneſſe palpable,
Whoſe foggie dampe ſhall in your hearts obſcure
Bright beames of Faith, and yet lend light to ſee,
How fraile and feeble of your ſelues you be.

73

In one way now together all do go:
In diuers (ſhortly) all ſhall ſcattered flie:
True faithfull followers now your ſelues you ſhow,
As ready with your Lord to liue and die.
Yet danted with baſe feare, you ſhortly ſhall
Renounce your truth, your faith, your Lord & all.

74

Thus ſtill freſh cauſe of ſorrow Chriſt doth find,
His ouer-burdened ſences to diſmay:
Ere-while he troubled was, to thinke in mind,
That one of his owne Twelue ſhould him betray:
And now not one alone, but all the reſt,
Shall falſe their faith, & leaue their Lord diſtreſt.

75

Alas, ſweet Sauiour, who ſhall comfort now,
The dreadfull terror of this ſad nights feare?
Thy Father threats the ſword with angry brow,
Againſt thee, for our ſins, which thou muſt beare.
Thy mother wails, thy friends ſhal all forſake thee,
Whilſt death-deuiſing foes conſpire to take thee.

O might the merit of thy bitter paines,
Endur'd for all alike, alike redound
To all of *Adams* sonnes, whom death detaines,
Some consolation herein would be found:
But (O deare God!) thou knowst how few indeed,
For all these torments shall the better speed.

77

And to th'increasing of thy griefes, dost see
Millions of mis-beleeuing Soules mis-led
With sinnes sweet bait, or infidelitie,
Shall run into perdition void of dread:
Scorning thy Crosse and Passion suffred here,
Or valuing light what thou hast bought so deare.

78

But *Peter* hearing what his Master told,
And cleare in conscience from so blacke a sinne,
Presuming of his strength with courage bold,
To promise for himselfe, doth thus begin:
Though all the world offended were in thee,
Yet herewith spotted *Peter* would not be.

79

O *Simon*, *Simon*, (thus doth Christ reply)
The subtill Fiend your setled thoughts to quaile,
Hath sought to sift you all as wheat, but I
Haue prayd for thee, that thy faith might not faile.
Thou therefore once turn'd to the perfect way,
Confirme thy weaker brethren what thou may.

To whom th'Apoſtle, (growne more confident,)
Lord, I am ready with reſolued heart,
Not onely to endure impriſonment,
Or in ſuch ſlight affliction take thy part,
But with thee loſe my life, if need require,
To ſhew my loue, and further thy deſire.

The wakefull Cocke (ſaith Chriſt) twice ſhall not crow
This night, till thou haſt three times me denide:
Yet *Peter* cannot be perſwaded ſo,
But plights his faith moſt conſtant to abide:
At which, the reſt, ſeeing his courage ſuch,
By ſolemne vow, proteſt to do as much.

O what high taskes can raſhneſſe vndertake,
Ere difficulty of the worke be knowne?
What vaunts can ouer-weening humors make,
Which in an inſtant will be ouerthrowne?
Great oddes in what they'l do, and what they ſpeake:
Their words are ſtrong, their deeds will be but weake.

Boldly they boaſt themſelues, reſolu'd to ſlay,
And die with Chriſt in ſuch a quarrell good:
Yet one ſmall ſtorme ſhall blow them all away,
And he for them muſt bide and ſhed his blood.
So feeble are th'attempts by man begun,
When heauenly grace is not relide vpon.

But Christ in mercy doth not sue the debt,
Which they by vow stand bound this night to pay:
Knowing their weake estates vnable yet,
He well is pleasd to grant a longer day;
When after his Ascension they shall,
In vnknowne shores be wider scattered all.

95

Then shall self-penance scourge the trothles blame
Of this nights worke, that now their worke defaces:
Then shall they boldly preach his healthfull Name;
Not recking danger, or the worlds disgraces:
Then shall they go to prisons ioyfully,
And for his Truths sake glorious Martyrs die.

96

By this, the Lambe of God, who for mans sinne,
With willing steps, went meeting to be slaine,
And made a Sacrifice: is entred in
The Garden with his yet-vnscattered traine;
To whom he sorrowing speakes, Here sit & stay,
Whilst I withdraw my selfe awhile to pray.

97

Then *Peter*, *Iames*, and *Iohn* he takes aside,
When straight with an exceeding feare oppresst,
His stonisht sences could no longer hide
The griefe, that had surcharg'd his guiltlesse brest.
My soule is heauie to the death, saith he,
Abide you here, and watch awhile with me.

Accom-

Accompany thy Sauiour, O my Soule,
In outward signes of inward griping wo:
Breake forth in sighs, and with true teares condole,
The dreadfull horror that torments him so:
Sith for thy sake this sorrow pierc't his heart,
Good reason in his griefe thou beare some part.

See how that heauenly face is altred quite,
Scarce to be knowne by what it was euen now:
Dead-pale vsurpes the seat of red and white:
And Care sits figur'd in his wrinkled brow.
Distressefull teare seemes drown'd in watery eyne,
That ouerwash his cheekes with weeping brine:

Like as the bright Sunne in a Welkin faire,
With pitchie mist on sudden ouer-cast,
Shoots forth his beames in vaine to cleare the ayre:
Cloud vpon cloud still thickning wondrous fast:
Blacke night doth ouer-hang the shadowed land,
Threatning a cruell tempest out of hand.

Or as the Sea tost by some boisterous wind,
Doth mainly beat vpon the quiet shore,
Swels in huge waues abone due course of kind,
And with selfe-motion laboureth more and more:
Such is the troubled state, and deepe vnrest,
Wherewith our Sauiours soule is now oppresst.

O hea-

O heauens great'ſt ſtrength, and Angels chiefeſt ioy,
Earths hope, hels feare, true God omnipotent!
What griefe can vexe, or terror ſtrange diſmay
Thy ſpotleſſe ſoule with ſuch ſad languiſhment?
What terror can theſe pangs of paſſion breed,
Which make thee ſeeme not as thou art indeed?

93

Is death, the entrance to felicity,
The finall date of all terreſtriall wo,
The glorious triumph of thy victory,
The way by which perforce all fleſh muſt go,
So dreadfull to affright thee, like as thoſe,
Which here on earth their higheſt bliſſe repoſe?

94

O wherefore didſt thou leaue thy heauenly Throne,
And ſhrowd a Godhead in our mortall frame?
Why haſt thou here by ſignes thy might made knowne,
And taken to thy ſelfe a Sauiours name?
If not to quell the rage of helliſh powers,
And laſtly by thy death to redeeme ours.

95

If now (wo worth the while) thou ſhouldſt giue o're,
And leaue thy worke ſo neere an happy end;
Who then (ah who) ſhall promiſd health reſtore
To vs, whoſe hopes on thee alone depend?
No Sonne, but thou, of earthly mother bred,
Hath power to cruſh the curſed Serpents head.

In

96

In outward shew thou didst pretend of late,
An inward longing for this present time;
Vrging the Traitor to accelerate
The issue of his ill-conceiued crime:
Yet now the houre and *Judas* both are nie;
Thy courage failes, and thou art loth to die.

97

But oh! what haue I said? can feare dismay,
Whom, mou'd to wrath, the earth doth quake to see?
Can his thoughts change so soone, whose power doth stay
All powers in stable order as they be?
Ah! no defects impaire not heauenly store;
And he is now the same he was before.

98

This sad eclipsing feare, that seemes so dimme,
The glorious Sun-shine of his Deity,
Could neuer haue a rising cause from him,
But from our natures imbecillity;
Which, though supported by celestiall grace,
Yet faintly shrinkes, and shewes of what it was.

99

In what he hath assum'd our feeble flesh,
Therein he trembling faints, and stands dismaid:
Like as that strength we haue in our distresse,
Comes not of vs, but of his heauenly ayd:
To right our cause, his Godhead suffers wrong:
He weake by vs, and we by him are strong.

When

When firſt made *Adam* ioyleſſe all alone,
In *Eden* beauteous Garden did remaine,
To faſhion *Eue* he gaue his proper bone,
And had with fleſh the place fill'd vp againe:
So Chriſts deare-loued Spouſe the Church ſtill weares
His rib of ſtrength, and he her frailty beares.

Retir'd about a ſtones caſt from the reſt,
Hem'd in with horror, ſuch exceeding waight
Of earth-committed ſinnes his ſoule oppreſt,
That on both knees he fals, and after ſtraight,
His paine increaſing, proſtrate lies to pray,
That from him this ſad houre might paſſe away.

Ah, Abba, Father, which all things didſt make,
And do'ſt preſerue them made, (if ſo may be)
Bow downe thine eyes, and for thy mercy ſake,
Remoue this bitter cup of wrath from me.
Yet let not my will be fulfill'd herein,
But thine (deare Father) which hath euer bin.

Full oft elſe-where good Chriſt did interceſſe
For vs, and neuer had one ſute debar'd:
And yet ſolliciting his owne diſtreſſe,
Obtaines not of his Father to be heard:
For God ſo lou'd the world, that now he gaue
His onely Sonne from ſinne the ſame to ſaue.

Who Lambe-like mild in league with heau'ns decree,
Folding earth-dwellers in as deare embrace,
Would, pleading for himselfe, repulsed be,
That for vs praying, he might still find grace.
O rare obedience, perfect zeales true signe,
How much owe we for this great Ioue of thine!

But now he riseth from the dewie ground,
To visit his Disciples left distrest,
And finds them all securely sleeping sound:
When waking *Peter*, (heauy as the rest)
O *Simon*, art thou now asleepe? (quoth he)
What? couldst thou not watch one bare houre with me?

As he would say, Wert thou of selfe-accord,
So prodigall of vowes, with timelesse speed,
And do'st so soone neglect thy helplesse Lord,
In drowsie slumber at his greatest need?
Ill canst thou in my safegard spend thy blood,
That wilt not wake to do thine owne soule good.

Not so false *Iudas*, who for pettie gaine,
Sleepes not a winke this night, nor can forbeare:
Postes round the waked streetes, cals vp his traine,
Sollicits helpe, seekes armour euery where,
Marshals his Band himselfe, and thinkes a yeere,
Till he may come to apprehend me here.

O shame

O shame! that Satans slaues so forward are
In acting mischiefe, that shall bring damnation;
And you, to saue your soules, deuoid of care:
O watch and pray therefore, lest ill temptation
Oppresse your faith: the spirit faine would do it,
But that weake flesh is hardly brought vnto it.

Not yet through-wak't, he leaues the slumbring stil,
And fraught with feares, departs againe to pray,
Impulst by weakenesse of his humane will:
O Father, if this cup in no wise may
Passe by, vnlesse the potion worke in me,
Thy heauenly pleasure let performed be.

Thus this good Shepheard, iealous of his sheepe,
Whom rouening Wolues, he knowes, will soone molest,
Watches with care, whilst they securely sleepe,
And sighes alone, that they in peace may rest:
Not sparing to ingage his proper life,
To saue them all from slaughtring butchers knife.

His prayer ended, he returnes againe,
And finds like comfort, that he found before:
They still slept hard, vnable to refraine
One minutes rest; and, which did grieue him more,
So careless of the former words he spake,
Quite vnprouided what excuse to make.

O now

now what horror in this soule doth dwell?
aked of helpe, forsaken all alone,
ught by his bloodie foes, assail'd of hell,
traid, or else neglected of his owne:
Giuen vp by heau'n to die with painfull shame,
And bare the burden of all sinners blame.

wake, my soule, run forth with ioy and dread,
to this garden where thy Sauiour lies;
ere shalt thou see the Booke of life wide spred,
ith lessons stor'd of heauenly mysteries:
There shalt thou see thy truth, thy strength, thy food,
Thy way, thy life, thy light, and all thy good.

here shalt thou see the way of patience,
he Sun-bright lampe of burning charitie,
he perfect patterne of obedience,
he mirrour of profound humility,
The root of loue, the goale of vertues race,
The salue of sinne, and fulnesse of Gods grace.

ere shalt thou see the strength of Israels weale,
at valiant *David*, thy most louing God;
rest to the fight, arm'd all in fiery zeale,
rning with hot desire to spend his blood,
And wash away the foule opprobrious blot,
That threats vile bondage, if he succour not.

Emboldened with exceeding loue of thee,
Here in these paled lists alone he stayes,
Expecting till his foes arriued be:
Meane while accumulating sundry wayes,
With willing mind to his al-ready store,
Such paines, as neuer flesh did feele before.

117.

O with what sorrow did the nobler part
Of his pure soule, where Reason hath her seat,
Pity th' inferiour, where weake Sense doth smart?
How faithfully for it did he intreat,
Vntill at last, concorded both in one,
They ioyntly cride, Father, thy will be done.

118.

Yet though this blessed Vnion did gain-say
Detract of time, whereto faint flesh aspires,
From the Disciples he departs away,
And to his praying place againe retires,
And there the third time, doth with teares implore,
Vsing like words as he had vsde before.

119

When lo, an Angel gliding through the ayre,
Appeares to him, from starrie Region sent,
Which makes him for a whule desist his prayer,
To hearken what this heauenly Herald meant:
Who nearer comes, with sweet speech comforteth
His fainting Lord, against dismay of death.

Swe

Sweet Iesu, how art thou deiected now,
From sublime glory, to disgrace and feare?
Most true it is the Prophet spake, That thou
Art somewhat lower made then Angels were,
Since in thine agonizing languishment,
To comfort thee, an Angel downe is sent.

121

See, see, O Angel, how thy Maker lies
Below, and here on earth, afflicted sore;
Whom, plac't in maiestie aboue the skies,
With feare and reuerence you do all adore:
Wonder of wonders, the like neuer done,
How can thine eyes endure to looke thereon?

122

Can riuers adde vnto their fountaines flow,
Through whose supply, those streames they haue, do runne?
Can branches helpe the quickning root to grow?
Or pale-fac't Moone lend light vnto the Sunne?
How canst thou, Angel, comfort then his mind,
In whom thy selfe dost all thy comfort find?

123

But this, O man, must needs on thee be laid,
Whose fleshes frailtie, and sinnes earned smart,
Doth with surcharging horror so inuade:
That euen almost forgetting his best part,
(His Godheads power) he disdaines not in this dread,
Of his owne creature to be comforted.

And yet, alas, this comfort could not cure
The death-sicke dolours of his wounded heart:
But now the time grew on, his body pure,
Vnto the dreadfull Crosse, must needes depart;
And rising vp, he thus to them did say,
The man was neere, that should their Lord betray.

125

No sooner had our Sauiour told this newes,
But straight the traitorous *Iudas* with a kisse,
Betraid his Lord and Master to the Iewes,
A cruell act, which lost eternall blisse:
The sands on shore in number are not told:
His sundry faults passe number to vnfold.

126

O let me breathe, before I do proceed:
Surcharging loads will craue a little rest:
The grants are small to them that stand in need,
That will not bring some comfort to their brest:
And he that writes what doth in wicked lurke,
Shall breathe him twice before he end his worke.

127

Looke how the Sea-fowles on a stormy day,
Do flocke themselues about the Ocean shore;
As thicke as Leaues when Summer fleetes away,
So throng these Iewes vnto him more and more:
Cruell reward! he ought to them good will,
And they, like traitours, sought his blood to spill.

Then

ea from the Garden they their Master brought
to the Priests and Elders of their crue:
ey bore false witnesse, there his life they sought.
th cride, that death should be his onely due:
Labouring (indeed) as much as in them lay,
To take the Life of liues, their Lord away.

d then from thence they drag'd him to his death:
en to the Crosse they nail'd his hands and feet:
en did they stop their blessed Sauiours breath:
en did they him with scornefull titles greet:
And now the Scripture true is brought to passe:
For he amongst the wicked counted was.

now the houre of death being fully runne,
e heauens were darke, he to his Father cries;
God, my God, why dost thou leaue thy Sonne?
ending so, his soule from bodie flies.
happy death, since death doth make vs liue:
nd blest be He, that blessed life doth giue.

FINIS.